# Christmas Reflector

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# Reflector

## Christmas 1934

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

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# Reflector Staff

## 1934-1935

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# Table of Contents


| | Page |
|---|---|
| Literary | 3 |
| Snoops | 16 |
| Editorials | 17 |
| Athletics | 18 |
| School News | 22 |
| Languages | 23 |
| Observer | 24 |
| Music | 25 |
| Crystal Ball | 26 |


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# Literary

## A Seaman's Christmas

Roy Tenny '35

December the twenty-fifth. Christmas. Red lights, green lights. Turkey, candy, cider, stuffed stockings, fireplaces, Santa's presents, merry-making. These thoughts raced madly through my whirling brain, as I renewed my savage grip on the lifeling aboard the trim little Naval Destroyer, *U. S. S. MacFarland.*

A white capped, seething mountain of green smashed down on the little thin plates of the gallant old "Mickey," and her tiny, elastic, tough, still sides trembled and shivered like the bones of an old skeleton that had been roughly thrown into the corner. The hideous green avalanche poured over the deck, soaking me to the bone. I bit my lip till I tasted blood, as the life-line cut into my cold, salt-water-soaked hands, and old man Neptune's "glorious sea" tried hard to pull me over the side and down to Davy Jones' locker. I finally won that struggle, but did not feel fit for another.

Under special orders we had suddenly been detailed to join the Scouting Fleet at Panama. We had been docked in our home port, and I had been looking forward to a pleasant Christmas furlough. Now here I was, terribly seasick, grimly hanging on to a stanchion connected to a lurching steel tub, over one hundred miles out at sea, with two theatre tickets in my pocket, besides a full month's pay. What a way to spend Christmas. *I definitely decided to desert the next time we hit port.*

The "Mickey's" lissome hull slipped dizzily down the side of a breaker into a cavernous hollow. With a sickening roll, which only a destroyer could perform, she started up the incline of the next vertical volcanic-like breaker with her scuppers under. High above the decks, and too sea-sick to be of any use, the lookout desperately clung to his little crow's-nest, as the long tapering mast swung back and forth against the bleak grey sky like the pendulum of a mammoth grandfather's clock. A howling gale whipped the snowflakes into a biting blizzard. Far below decks, sweating and swearing, the engineers tried vainly to keep their balance. It would be very unpleasant to trip and fall into those churning pistons. A shrieking wind, a resounding crash, and our wireless was rendered useless. A gigantic comber tore away our forward port lifeboat.

All the "gobs" were busily engaged, trying to do their work. A tired overworked navigation officer decided to go to the galley for a cup of hot coffee. He stepped out of the cabin to the bridge and glanced aloft at the ice-coated rigging. Warily he started down the ladder that was coated with frozen salt-water spray, and which led to the deck. Another drunken lurch on the part of the Destroyer 237, and the officer slipped, fell, rolled across the tilted deck, and was washed overboard. Luckily, as he had been working in the cabin, he had not been wearing heavy oilskins.

The cry of "Man overboard!" was raised, and the deck force ran to their life-saving stations. The ship's headway was immediately checked, and oil was poured over the side to smooth the choppy seas. The air, trapped in the officer's clothes, bouyed him up for an instant. During this instant, a life-preserver was hurled to him. He could now last a little while longer. The sea was too rough to even think of lowering a boat.

A quick-thinking sailor grabbed up a coil of rope, tied a bowline around his body, and thrust the other end into my hands. While the little ship was on the crest of an Atlantic roller, he dived over the side. Other seamen rushed to help me guide the line that depended on the

life of two men. Gamely the bluejacket, who had shed his clothing in the teeth of a blizzard, battled through the icy water towards the exhausted officer. As we watched our mate, we leaned dangerously over the side to note his progress. Other times, we had to strain our necks to gaze at the top of a green avalanche of water, where he still battled the elements. Finally he reached our navigation officer, and we heaved on the line to pull them aboard. There was great danger that they would be crushed between the hull of the ship and the sea, but Uncle Sam's Sea Fighters were trained to overcome this difficulty. The rescued and his rescuer were hauled safely aboard the ship.

We immediately returned to our work and professional grumbling. On giving some time to meditation over my grievances, I decided *not* to desert after all. Wasn't I supposed to be a sailor? And wasn't this a real sailor's holiday? It's not such a bad outfit, and a great life, *if* you like it.

# The New Year

Virginia Pray '35

As the old year rolled down in the west,
So came the new beaming over the crest.
Far down below on the shivering plain,
Stood an old man stooping over his cane,
Wondering when his road should give way,
And let another step into his day.

All his life he had pondered in vain,
In search of a treasure he could never obtain,
Unless he could walk, and in some age be free
To gallop about in a young merry spree.
He was robbed of his childhood when just a boy.
But should he have given up and looked not for joy?

Yes, he had given up much to his pain,
And crawled to his perch far out in the plain,
Where no one could find him and pry in his past,
Whence he might have found shelter up to the last.

But now he is old and so all alone,
When he might have been famous and sat on a throne;

But that one disappointment made him give up,
And never again could he build or retouch.

# Why Christmas

Donald Foskett '35

The human race has always had certain characteristics by which it may be identified and set aside from other creations of God. The race, as a whole, will probably continue to possess them as long as it exists, regardless of mental and physical improvements by which it may become more efficient. One of the chief results of this fault or asset, whichever it may be, is the forgetfulness of, and, oftentimes, utter disregard of, the meaning of Christmas.

Christmas is undoubtedly the most universally observed holiday of the year. Countries the world over, although they may not observe other holidays in common, certainly celebrate Christmas as one large community. This day, then, is recognized from the point of view of the world as a whole, as the most important day of the year, even though each individual country may have its own significant holidays. It would seem that people ought to realize the great significance of this day. On the contrary, many people do not recognize this significance, nor do they feel obliged or thankful to anyone or anything on this day. To them it means merely the exchanging of gifts and the enjoyment of a day free from work and care. To me these things make up a part of the Christmas celebration, but, when one considers carefully, they make up only a minor part. The real celebration is in giving thanks to God, and in feeling joyous for the birth of Christ. These two things really are the basic principles of all Christmas activities, in spite of the fact that many other things take one's attention on that day.

If a person is to really enjoy Christmas and celebrate it in the proper spirit, he must cease to be forgetful of its meaning. If he celebrates it in the right way, it is safe to say that he will discover a new-found joy in being grateful to God and in being more charitable to his fellow men.

## With Apologies to Milton

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Yankee jazz, and Yankee glee,
Gibes and gags and Yankee slang,
Negro mirth that cheers the gang;
Fetch the journals where buffoons
Are cavorting in cartoons.
Come and trip it as we go,
Driving home the German foe.

# Who is This Santa Claus?

B. Donley '37

"Good night, Mr. Baldwin", Janis said as she was leaving the office. "Merry Christmas!"

"Same to you, Janis," came the gruff voice.

As Janis entered the outside world, she pulled her trim fur collar up around her because snow and wind were blowing from all directions. Silently and downcast with tear-dimmed eyes, she walked briskly toward her apartment. As she walked she was in very deep thought. Why had she refused Curt's proposal of marriage? Why, oh, why, had she sent him away angry especially on Christmas eve? Should she call him up and apologize? No, she had never apologized to a man, and she would not begin now. That was definitely out. She would just wait until he came to her again, if he ever would.

Abruptly, her thoughts changed. Upon entering the apartment house, she heard Joan and Tommy, the two small children who lived downstairs, crying and pleading with their mother. This added more to Janis's troubles, for she loved Joan and Tommy. She and Curt had taken them for many bus rides and walks through the park.

The children, spying Janis in the hall, came up to her crying, "Jannie, please, oh, please Jannie, will you take us down to the park to the Christmas tree tonight? Mamma said she was busy and could not take us. Please Jannie."

Janis, having nothing else to do, decided at once to fill their wishes. She told them that she would take them. Happily they kissed Janis, and ran into their room.

When the clock struck seven, Janis went down stairs, and much to her surprise she found Joan and Tommy waiting for her.

Seeing her approaching they said, "Jannie, you are so nice and we are so happy. Are you happy too, Jannie?"

Janis with a forced smile, and false voice replied, "Of course I am. Everyone should be happy at Christmas time."

As they neared the park, they saw the gleaming lights of the huge Christmas tree, and heard the children's laughter. When they reached the hundreds of children and the tree, Joan and Tommy saw Santa Claus.

"Oooh, Joan!" said Tommy, "there is Santa Claus. I wonder if he has anything for us. May we go and see Jannie?"

"Of course," she said, as she watched them go.

Joan and Tommy approached Santa Claus. "Have you anything for us?" they asked meekly. Santa gazed at them, recognizing the two small children. He chuckled as he handed them two stockings full of fruit, and two candy canes. Then remembering Janis, they asked if there might be anything for her. Santa Claus paused at the mention of Janis Stafford's name. Then with a smile he replied:

"Of course, but you must do as I tell you. Wait until I finish giving these presents out, take me to Miss Stafford, and I will give her her present then." The children agreed, and ran back to Janis with out-stretched hands, showing her what they had just received.

Presently Santa Claus joined them.

"Hello my little friends," he said.

Janis, hearing this voice, stood in amazement.

Santa continued, "These children asked me if I had anything for you and I certainly have."

He took a small plush case out of his pocket, and handed it to her. Janis opened it, and there was a diamond sparkling as much as Janis's eyes were at the moment. Santa threw down his pack, and seized Janis in his arms. Joan and Tommy looked at each other in amazement.

All they heard was Janis saying "Curt".

Finally Joan looked at Tommy and said, "Why is she calling him Curt? Doesn't she know that he is Santa Claus?"

## Christmas Stockings

They hang by the fireplace,
Some long and some short,
Waiting for Santa to dance and cavort
Into the chimney above.
One is of white, one is of blue,
And a tiny brown one,
So cunning and new—
All waiting gifts from above.
Down through the chimney he comes with a bang,
Landing beneath those wee stockings that hang
On the fireplace above.
In baby's there goes a bonnet of blue,
And here is a doll for small sister Sue.
A kite for Johnny; a bat for Lou.
And thus you see Christmas as all children do.

*Bette Young* '38

# Santa Claus

Marjorie Fulton '35

Mr. J. Hammersworth Knowles was in a fix. Much to his great disgust his wife had said that he would be Santa Claus at the Xmas tree of the Sisters of Independence. He had pleaded and begged in vain but "Her Majesty", Mrs. Knowles, was not to be swayed from her purpose. J. Hammersworth would be Santy, and, what's more, he would like it.

Mrs. Knowles worked feverishly making the outfit, and finally, about four o'clock on the day before Christmas, Mr. J. Hammersworth obediently stuffed pillows "fore" and "aft" and with the help of the missis, donned the familiar regalia of that loved old Saint of Christmas time.

At five o'clock, he was sitting atop a cardboard and wood chimney, awaiting his cue to climb down a ladder and appear through a false fireplace set up in front of the stage where the "kiddies" could see him.

Mrs. Harris, the president of the Sisters of Independence, had told him that when she said, "I hear him coming now, dear children," J. Hammersworth was to rattle bells, and start climbing down the ladder.

At present Mrs. Harris was telling about the Xmas box going to Honolulu, and J. Hammersworth fearfully awaiting his cue, was disgustingly adjusting his pack full of toys.

Suddenly it came. Mrs. Harris's voice rose musically, saying, "Here he comes now, dear children."

Mr. Knowles reached for the bells, but, alas, no bells were to be found. He hadn't taken them off the dresser--Oh, what to do!

"I think I hear him, dear ones," repeated Mrs. Harris, raising her voice higher.

Mr. Knowles rose to the occasion. He sang out, "Whoa, there, whoa!" and started to climb down the ladder.

When he had got safely down to the next to the last rung of the ladder, his red coat caught on a nail, and the first the "dear children" saw of Santy Claus, was a pair of black boots, red trousers, and because the nail held the coat up, a bright blue pillow held by a piece of white clothesline. Finally, the nail relinquished its hold, and the coat dropped down over the blue abdominal structure of St. Nicholas

Safely down, St. Nicholas endeavored to climb out of the fireplace, amid the cries of the "dear children' and the applause of the Sisters of Independence. Had not Santy been in too much of a rush to stand up and wave to his friends, all would have been well; but, as it were, he attempted to arise too quickly, and consequently bumped his head on the cardboard mantlepiece, with the result that the whole fireplace collapsed. The "dear children" screamed in mirth, while "Santa" boiled with rage.

After the janitor had cleared the wreckage away, Santa sat down in a big chair and invited the "dear kiddies" to come up and tell him what they wanted for Christmas. With a yell the kiddies roared up and over old Santy. They first punched his stomach which being safely protected behind the pillows, felt no damage. Secondly, one especially sweet little child grabbed his whiskers and ripped them off, revealing J. Hammersworth, now purple with anger. I fear that he forgot that he was representing Santa Claus. Grabbing the little boy who had shorn him of his whiskers, he cuffed him smartly across the back of the head, at the same time deftly kicking another mischievous young man who was engaged in pouring Xmas candy down one of Santy's boots.

This treatment of their children was too much for the Sisters of Independence, several of whom headed for Santa Claus. One of them grabbed him by the arm. J. Hammersworth, thinking her to be one of the children, promptly knocked her on the head with a toy tin trumpet.

Let us draw a veil over the rest of this Christmas scene. Suffice it is to say, that Mr. J. H. Knowles was never again asked to be Santy for the Sisters of Independence.

# The Rainbow

I tried to paint a picture,
  A picture bright and gay,
But someone stole my bright and hues,
  And left my colors dull and grey.
There was no blue to paint the sky,
  No red to paint the rose;
So I painted the approaching storm
  While the world lay in repose.
The thunder roared, the lightning flashed,
  Then grievously came the rain;
The sun shown through the frowning clouds,
  My art was bright again.
A rainbow gleamed across the sky,
  Its colors bright and new.
I found the red to paint the rose;
  Once more my sky was new.

*M. Setterland* '38

# A Christmas Story

Mary Frances Toomey '36

The house was in the most exclusive section of the city. Claire Grahame, beautifully gowned in a Lanvin creation, looked petulantly out upon a snow-covered world. The storm had abated, although the wind was blowing sheets of fine drift about. It would surely spoil her party.

The high-ceilinged room was resplendent in its rich furnishings. Interior decorators had produced a marvelous effect. Myriads of light-beams from the great candelabras played upon the superb decorations. Here was wealth.

A maid came noiselessly into the room.

"The stars are already out, ma'am, and the paths are nearly clear," she informed her frowning mistress.

"Is Mr. Grahame here yet?"

"He has just arrived, ma'am."

A nervous apologetic John Grahame entered the room.

"Why are you late?" she accused.

"I stopped to listen to some carol singers -- boys, with such sweet voices --"

"Carol singers! I worried because you were not here. Henri has not come, and Celeste insisted upon going to her sister's sick child. I depend on them for perfection of details. I know I shall be ill when this party is over."

Unhappiness joined hands with Wealth.

* * *

The home was one room among many in a ramshackle tenement. Two children and their mother pressed their faces against the cold window glass. They clapped their hands with joy that the storm was gone.

The little room was piteously poor in its furnishings; nevertheless, to the two little girls and their mother, it had taken on a truly festive air, since they had arrayed a little tree in one corner, and fastened a red ball in each window. But it was on the little table in the corner that their eyes came to rest. Here they had placed a little crib among some boughs of evergreen Over it a single Christmas candle shed its soft light.

"Shall we go now?" Marie asked. "The roads are clear."

"Yes," the mother answered, smiling at their eagerness.

Each year they spent part of Christmas eve at the little church in the square. Here they prayed, and their father, dead now three years, seemed to hear their hopes and plans. God brought him very close to them at Christmas time. They thanked God for His goodness, and asked that He would take care of them during the coming year.

Eager-eyed and joyful, they came out from the little church into the fairy palace of the world.

Happiness joined hands with Poverty.

# Did You Know That—

No person can successfully feign insanity any more than he can pretend to have typhoid fever or pneumonia? Expert psychiatrists can determine within a few minutes whether or not a person is insane by checking his mental reactions, thousands of which are keys to his true state of mind and are beyond his control.

The James River in Virginia contains the only known specimens of "the fish that cannot float"? This strange creature has no air bladder, and therefore, when it stops swimming, it sinks to the bottom.

A seven years' record of the notorious Devil's Island penal colony off French Guiana shows that prisoners attempt to escape on the average of one every fourteen hours? About one quarter of them are never recaptured, having gained their freedom or died at sea or in the jungle.

A secret in the manufacture of one of the world's finest makes of porcelain china is that forty-four per cent. of it is the ash of cattle bones?

The 14,000 taxicabs of New York City have a daily gross income of $100,000, which they earn by making 200,000 trips with 350,000 passengers, a number that is equivalent to the entire population of Vermont?

A recent survey shows that official lotteries are held today in thirty foreign countries, and that the citizens of the United States spend an average of $575,000 a week on tickets for them?

One of the greatest tributes ever paid a dog was the place given to "Caesar" in the funeral procession of King Edward VII of Great Britain, in 1910? This little wire-haired terrier, the King's favorite pet, was allowed to march behind his master's casket, taking precedence over nine kings and nearly all the princes of the earth.

*Betty Groht* '35

# Grandmother's Story

Florence McDowell '37

In an attractive old-fashioned house a group of people were seated around a large fireplace. The wood was crackling, and the sparks were blowing cheerily up the chimney. One of this group, an old lady with beautiful snow-white hair, which was brushed back softly off her wrinkled forehead, was seated in a large arm-chair. Three children sat at her feet, on the hearth rug before the open fire.

The youngest child was leaning sleepily against her grandmother's chair, and they were all clamoring for their usual good-night story.

The old lady started in with: "Well, my little children, as long as it is the night before Christmas, I shall tell you a Christmas story that is true. When I was a little girl, my father went to fight in the Civil War. The months stretched out wearily. They were certainly unhappy ones for us. For weeks at a time we would be without word from our father. Often we would find our mother in tears, but when she saw us, her lips would break into a sweet smile. Finally all word failed to reach us. We waited and waited, but no letter came. One day, when we came in from our play, we found a great many people in our home. Our aunt led us into a room and told us that our daddy was dead, that he had given his life for his country, and that we should feel very proud. This was just before Thanksgiving time, and the news dampened our spirits greatly, and we felt that we had little to be thankful for. Days went past, and Christmas drew near; but we were not welcoming it with anticipation, because we missed our father so much. Mother prepared as usual, by baking and putting her house in order, and by making everything as inviting as possible. Finally the day before Christmas came. Mother was hurrying about, and we were all helping her, because we knew she was unhappy.

"We were all popping corn to make corn-balls when we heard a knock at the door. John, my brother, started to the door, but he had the corn-popper in his hand; so mother told him she'd go. Upon opening the door, she stood there, speechless. We all turned our heads to see who it was, and we heard mother sob, 'Oh, my dear. Can it be true? Can it be true you are here? Come in! Come in!'

"Our daddy walked in the door. He clasped us all in his arms, while we shed tears of happiness to feel him so close to us once more. Mother clung to him, and asked him how such a thing could happen. He looked at us in surprise, and asked us what we meant. So mother then told him how we had received word that he was dead.

"Father was certainly surprised; then he felt sad that we had suffered such sorrow. He said that they were in the battle-line and a man, one who happened to be his best friend, had been without a coat. so he had covered him up with his own, never thinking he would die. When this soldier was found badly mutilated, they found daddy's coat near the body. The paper in the pockets had identified the man as my father. Later, daddy said, he himself was picked up by the enemy, and held prisoner. He had just been released and had come home as soon as possible.

"That was the best Christmas I ever had. We laughed so much, in our excitement, we almost forgot to eat the big, brown, crispy turkey mother had cooked. We had so many people coming in and out, our door was always open. Mother had candles everywhere, and we certainly made up for our unhappy Thanksgiving, because we had more to be thankful for than anyone else in the world. Now, my little chickens, the story is over and so you must hurry and hang up the stockings, and scamper up the stairs."

Grandma hurried them along in this fashion, because she didn't want them to see the tears which were shining in her eyes.

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Rita Linnehan: "Ned turned to Joe and addressed him—"

Rita Lawrence: "Must be going to send him somewhere."

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Ned Houghton (at a party): "Hello! It's a pleasant surprise to meet you here."

Mac: "Good of you to say so."

Ned Houghton: "Yes, I was afraid I should not find anybody here but brainy and cultured people."

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He: "I'm so sorry, dearest, that your father cannot afford the big church wedding you've set your heart on."

She: "Oh, I don't mind a small wedding for my first time, sweetheart. Perhaps father will be better fixed financially when I marry again."

# Christmas for Sailors

Gordon Flett '36

In the year 1919 the American Submarine S-19 floated on the surface charging her great storage batteries. The conning tower was open, and the men shivered in the cold air as they checked the forward gun, to be positive it was in good condition.

It was near Christmas and the thoughts of the men were of their loved ones at home. They were tired of the cramped quarters of a "sub", and the ever present danger of death.

Larson, the second mate on watch, suddenly sprang up and shouted an alarm. Five enemy bombing planes were seen not far away. All the men disappeared into the depths of the "sub", and she started forward, disappearing below the surface.

The German High Command had issued orders for the destroying or the capture of the S-19, and two German destroyers of the latest type, and the German submarine U-27 were in search of the S-19, to carry out their orders. The two destroyers were a half-mile apart, the U-27 bringing up the rear a mile behind. The American commander knew of the two destroyers, but was unaware of the submarine. He gave the order to lie on the bottom and to let the destroyers pass over them. When the man at the listening tubes had declared the destroyers over and passed, they rose to the surface. An order prepared all torpedo tubes ready to fire.

"Fire torpedo one!" came the command, followed by "Fire torpedoes three and four!"

Three long gray torpedoes, one in the lead, shot forward. They hit one destroyer just below the surface, causing a bad list. The other two all but blew the remaining destroyer out of the water. Confusion immediately followed. Men leaped into the freezing waters, boats were launched; but, unnoticed, except by German officers, the enemy "sub", U-27, rose to the surface.

Taking the situation in, the commander gave orders to fire the forward gun. Sailors rushed forward, took aim, and fired at the S-19. The shell tore a hole in the upper part of the controls in such a way as to make the ship respond rather sluggishly. The S-19 dived in hopes of eluding the Germans, but they too submerged.

Suddenly a throbbing was heard. This increased in volume until it deafened them; then it decreased. Several times this happened, and the Americans realized the German "sub" was trying to ram them. They could not escape, because of the damaged controls, and a crash would not harm the enemy "sub" because of its nose which was intended for ramming. Again the throbbing, louder than before, increased in volume, and then came a deafening crash. Lights flickered. Air burst on the outside of the submarine with the noise of a cannon. Strong men screamed in fear of a watery death. At length they were quiet. Everything seemed all right. Then the truth came to all. The German submarine had crossed at an angle, just below the S-19, but the conning tower had struck the heavy keel of the S-19, causing the tower to snap off, and fill the enemy "sub" with water immediately. The Americans again rose to the surface. Oil lay on the water, but, otherwise, there was no evidence of the fight of hatred and death below the surface, which had just taken place.

The S-19 made her way slowly into her Naval Base a day later. The men would be on land for Christmas and its joys, but their minds were on the unfortunate men in the enemy "sub" U-27 and their death. They wondered if their turn to perish was coming. If so, when and how?

# Christmas Day

The dawn broke quietly and stealthily over the slumbering village. The lazy sun rose over the hill and shone brightly, reflecting on the milky snow. From the gray-blue skies fell large, fluffy snowflakes, covering the earth with a deeper and heavier blanket. The branches of the bare trees were hanging low, threatening to crack under the strain of the snow piled on them.

Gradually the village awoke from its slumbering stillness. Signs of life appeared, shades went up, and gay colorful wreaths hung in the windows, or some bright bearing Christmas tree was trying to show off its ornaments behind the curtains. Men hurriedly made paths to the woodshed to fetch wood. Smoke curled from the chimneys into the cold, frosty air.

Everyone arose joyfully for it was Christmas Day, the birthday of our Saviour, a day of celebration and happiness. The church bells chimed, and from every doorway children ran out, laughing and jumping as their thankful parents followed behind. They were going to the Lord's house to thank Him for all He had given them and the joy and happiness He had brought.

*Lucie Leone* '37

# A Little Blue Car

Miriam B. Nash '37

In the kitchen of the Wilcox home, was Tom Wilcox, a young fellow about eighteen years old. Placed on a table in front of him were numerous articles, all bearing a decidedly Christmas air. At his left hand were scissors, ribbon, seals, and sheets of multi-colored paper. He was apparently ready for work of some sort, for his sleeves were rolled up, his necktie was lacking, and his bed slippers were on his feet. He appeared to have a list, which he was checking over.

"Hm--socks for Uncle Herbert--scarf for Aunt Gertrude--neckties for Ed, George, and Donald --handkerchiefs for Grandma--pipe for Dad--money for Mother--bottle of perfume for Sis--toy automobile for Johnnie--hm--guess that's all. Seems to be all here too."

Starting at the top of his list, he methodically wrapped each package. That is, until he came to the little car. There, his masculine curiosity for mechanics overpowered him, and following the directions most carefully, he wound it up, and set it on the floor. The car, however, did not want to go. Upon investigation, he decided that a push directed to the right spot was needed. But still the car did not go. Then, like all boys, little or big, he started to find out the reason by taking the little blue car apart. Before he had gone far, however, he found the trouble--a screw loose. He whistled as he set the screw aright, forgetting that Johnnie was a light sleeper. As he put the car on the floor for the last trial, a figure, clad in pajamas, appeared in the doorway.

"What are ya' doing?" Johnnie inquired as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes.

"Huh? Ah--nothing much," Tom answered. trying to hide the car with his foot.

But fate intervened, and the little blue car decided to go. Clicking away, it went straight to Johnnie.

"Oh--" (This was all that Johnnie could say.)

Dropping to his knees, he picked it up, overcome with joy.

"Do you like it?" Tom asked.

But the question was not heeded, for Johnnie was completely absorbed by his little blue car. As he played, he began to wonder whose car it was, what it was doing in the kitchen, and why Tom had been playing with it. Tom seemed to read his thoughts and said:

"It's yours, Johnnie. I was going to give it to you as a Christmas present, but since this has happened, you may have it now. Come! it's late, and you'll want to be up early tomorrow."

That night a little boy went to bed, tired but happy, and clasping a little blue car in his hand.

# Shopping

K. Newbert '35

Shopping is just another of the things that I can't understand. If a man wants a suit of clothes or a pair of shoes, he proceeds to purchase them. On the other hand, if a woman wants a dress or a coat, she goes shopping. The dictionary might give the definition of shopping as purchasing, but, to me, these two words have a vastly different meaning.

If there is one thing that ruins my whole week-end, it is being told that I am going shopping with my mother. Why on earth a woman has to shop is beyond my comprehension. When she starts out she has in mind exactly what she is going to get, but she does not proceed to buy it. First, she begins to "window-shop." From this point on, any male knows that all hope of enjoyment has fled from his clutches. From window to window, he is led by a never tiring female. Every once in a while she sees something that she likes, and investigates it.

Minutes drag into hours, and finally when the disgusted male is half-starved and literally "out on his feet", she remembers, "Oh, my coat." Then with a remarkable supply of energy, she leads him about with great haste, finally terminating in the purchase of a coat. Of course, she is either in too much of a hurry to try it on, and she arrives home to find out it won't fit, or she finds that she has changed her mind, or that it didn't match, or that it just somehow wasn't satisfactory. Then, after all her work, she sends it back with the correct size, color, and price. When her next coat arrives, she finds it somehow fits perfectly, and suits her implicitly. Why couldn't she have done this in the first place? What is it, if anything, that is gained by shopping?

Another thing, why on earth can't two women wear similar dresses without some show of disgust. Year in and year out men wear almost identical clothes, and don't seem to mind it.

It seems to me that there must be something amiss in women's make-up that forces them to be so, as nearly as I can define it, fickle.

# The Christmas Rose

Which rose would appeal to you the most, the first in spring, the last in summer, or the one in mid-winter, towering up through a blanket of snow? The winter rose, which is characteristic of the season, having only one leaf and white coloring, would probably appeal to most people. This rose is commonly called the Christmas Rose because of a certain legend.

The story dates back to the year our Christ-child was born. Madelon, a flower girl, who had heard about the birth of the new King, was eager to see him. So when the shepherds set out to see the new-born King, Madelon followed quietly behind. Although weary as she was without food, she followed, encouraged and strengthened by the thought of seeing Christ. She noticed the numerous gifts the shepherds had for Him, and she had come empty-handed. Here she was, alone, with nothing to offer and with not a farthing to her name. If it were summer, she could have picked a bouquet of flowers, but in midwinter it was useless. As she was reflecting these things in her mind, her guardian angel, who was the only person who realized her trouble, planted roses around her. She picked the roses eagerly, and presented to the Christ-child a bouquet of flowers and of love.

*Mary Tirrell* '36

# The Things I Do

When I run downstairs in the morning,
  The things I am going to do
Skip joyfully down before me,
  And laugh, and I laugh too.
We run out into the garden
  And into the broad sunlight,
And some I sing and play with,
  And some I forget till night.
When, in the purple evening,
  I clamber up to bed,
The things I have done come up behind;
  They never run ahead.
Some sigh as they creep behind me,
  Some smile and chuckle too,
Some say, "Why, don't you remember?
  We're what you were going to do!"
So the good, the bad, the forgotten,
  Together upstairs we creep,
And they sit down round my pillow,
  And talk till I fall asleep.

*Catherine Smith* '37

# On Doing Up Christmas Bundles

Christmas time is rolling around again, and that means that a few million people will be lost in jungles of tissue paper, string, glue, and seals. Being an old hand at the game, I will attempt to give you a few ideas on this matter, which weighs heavily on your brain. All a person needs to play this game is a sheet of tissue paper and an object to be wrapped.

To begin, you lay a piece of tissue paper on the table. Next, by means of various instruments, you find the centre, and place the object to be wrapped on that spot. You extinguish the lights, and creep up gently, lest it hear you. Then all at once you make a dash, gather the paper and object in your arms, snarl ferociously, and toss them gently in the direction of the Christmas tree. Then you turn on the light and face the world with a clear conscience.

I visited a man last Christmas while he was doing up bundles. Everything was quiet, until aided by the blue streak of curses which emitted from his mouth, the paper started to crackle and my ears started to burn.

So it is with regret that I view the coming of Christmas tide with misgivings for it is, as I have yet known, the only time when all Americans, after suffering from listening to radio comedians three hundred and sixty-four days out of the year, go completely, (pardon my English) "nuts" from doing up Christmas bundles.

*Charles Tibbs* '35

# Taking No Chances

Dickie and Frank, aged five and seven, were spending a few days with their rich and generous grandmother while their mother and father were away.

A few nights before Christmas, Dickie and Frank were preparing for bed, and their grandmother was in the next room, waiting for them to go to bed so that she could put out the light. Frank said his prayers, and crept under the blankets. Dickie, still on his knees, was asking Heaven for a large order of Christmas toys. As he increased, his voice grew louder and louder. He spoke somewhat in this manner:

"O Lord, please send me a drum and a tool chest—a big tool chest, Lord—and an automobile and a large truck and—."

Provoked, the older brother, raising himself up on his elbow, said angrily, "Say, you needn't be praying so loud. The Lord isn't deaf."

"I know he isn't," said Dickie, "but Grandma is."

*Jennie Worthley* '35

# How A Dog Celebrated Christmas

Herbert Sullivan '35

Our scene is laid far up in Alaska. It is a cold, bleak night. Snow is falling; the wind is starting to rise; a blizzard is in the making. Far down in a valley a light gleams.

Let us approach this light. As we near it, we see through the flakes of snow, fast becoming thicker, that the light is glowing through the window of a prospector's small cabin. Let us go up and peek in the window now. Before a fireplace with a roaring fire in it, we see two men.

One is a grizzled, middle-aged man who looks as if he had seen much of the hardest side of life; the other, a young healthy looking fellow, hardly out of his teens. How they got acquainted is of no importance, but a brief history of both might help the story. The older man is an experienced prospector, having made and lost many fortunes. Nobody knows where he came from, but that matters little. The young fellow is from one of the cities of the western coast. He had gone away from a home, and taken shelter with the old prospector.

Now let us do a little eavesdropping and listen in on their conversation. But, perhaps before we go farther, it might be well to give names to our two unsuspecting subjects of attention. We shall know the old prospector as Dan, and the young fellow as Dick. Now let their conversation proceed. Dick is speaking. There has been a long silence.

"I say, Dan, do you know what night this is?" Then, answering his own question, "It's Christmas Eve."

"Waa-ll," drawled Dan, after a long drag on his pipe, "what of it? Days are all the same to ya after ya been living up hyar as long as I have."

"Oh, nothing," quickly answered Dick. Then with a bit of remorse, he added, "I was only thinking of when I was a kid. That was before mother and dad----" Then he choked up.

"But did I ever tell you of the Christmas that dad struck it rich and got himself a good job? That was my first real Christmas."

Then he stopped, and looked at Dan to see if there was any disapproval in his looks. Upon seeing none, he proceeded with his story. The truth is that Dan knew little of the boy's early life; he had been very quiet in regard to it. Dan welcomed this story of Dick's. Now let us go on with Dick's story.

"Well, we had practically finished our first real Christmas dinner that we had had in years, when I went out in the kitchen to get the dessert. As I stepped inside, I heard a soft whine at the door. I opened it. There was a small mongrel pup, bedraggled, thin, and hungy-looking.

"As we hadn't finished the turkey, I thought there would be no objections to my feeding the rest of it to the dog; so in he came. Did he go into that! After he had had his fill of meat, I handed him a dish of milk. When he had come in, he could hardly stand up, but soon he looked as if he could lick anything his size.

"At length, instead of lying down and resting, he went over to the door, and gave a few gulps. When I opened the door, he grabbed the cuff of my pants, and tried to pull me along. I couldn't see anything wrong with going with him; so, after putting on my coat and hat and telling mother and dad I was going out, I followed along.

"Now we lived right next to a very poor district. To this district he led me, and right up to the door of one of the poor, broken-down hovels. I knocked at the door. My knock was answered by a little boy of about five. He had clothes on that could scarcely have kept him warm in a heated house, let alone without any warmth except for a small kitchen range.

"When the boy saw the dog, he went down on his knees, and put his little arms around the furry neck of the dog. He was so happy to see the pup that he scarcely noticed me. A bit later, however, he asked me in. He had little to offer, but he was glad to give me all of it for bringing back his pup. He and his mother lived there all alone. His mother had lost her job three weeks before and had, by now, spent all her meagre savings.

"Before I left, I had already planned to do something for them. Upon getting home, I told mother and dad the whole story, and they agreed to follow my suggestion. This was my plan: I would buy some clothes and toys for the little shaver, mother could buy food and clothes for his mother, and dad, who had many influential friends, would get her a job.

"Somewhat later, when we presented this good news to the poor couple, they both broke down and cried. All because of a smart little pup! Somehow or other, I was much more pleased with this Christmas than any other that I can

remember. Some day, when I strike it rich, I'm going to do the same thing, whether it's Christmas or not."

Dan didn't say a word. He just sat there, puffing pleasantly on his pipe. Finally, he spoke, "I guess Christmas *is* worth remembering, after that story!"

Let us leave them now, while they both think of Christmas Eve.

# The Fight Before Christmas

O, Algernon Percival Oscar McFish
Was in love with the sweetest of girls you could wish,
Though he wore quite the thing from his shoes to his hat,
Alas and alaska! his pockets were flat.
A sweet little girl was Susie May White,
A nice little number, a wonderful sight;
But all that she bought was always the best,
As Algernon Percival already guessed.
'Twas the week before Christmas as Algy walked down
To view all the gifts one could buy in the town.
They were all far above his simplest of means,
Fit only for movie stars, shop girls, and queens.
Well, Algernon Percival brooded awhile,
When over his face there travelled a smile.
An idea dawned like a light in his head,
Which he rushed to complete before going to bed.
Algernon Percival reeled down the street,
He bumped against Susie and trod on her feet.
Horror prevailed in Miss Susie May White,
As she gasped in disgust, "Why, Algy, you're tight!"
'Twas the fight before Christmas, the workings of Fate,
And Algernon Percy was given the gate;
He enjoyed a gay Christmas, a happy New Year,
And when 'twas all over to Susie said, "Dear'
I apologize humbly, forgive me, my love.
You beautiful creature, you exquisite dove."
As for Susie, her horror and heart he made well;
Back into his arms she tumbled and fell.
So, amorous swains and moonstricken youths,
The week before Christmas imply these untruths.
The damsels are cute, but expensive and dumb,
And thus you can keep them right under your thumb.

*Carol Seach* '36

# He Came Through

Tom Manly and Jim Davidson were guards on the Stanford basketball team. They were both good players, but Tom was jealous of Jim.

One night the team was facing the Newbury team. Tom made two baskets, and in the last few minutes of the game Jim made his third. Tom didn't like this. Jim knew it. Jim reasoned, however, that he was playing for the school rather than to please Tom.

The next afternoon Jim was walking down the street on his way to the store. When he came to Whitman Street, a street closed for the purpose of sliding, he saw Tom coming down the hill on his sled. Instead of turning into the field before he reached the main street, he came straight on toward the main street and destruction.

Jim thought fast. He yelled to Tom to let the rope go, and as Tom went by, Jim grabbed the rope. Tom was thrown off the sled into a snowbank, from which he climbed without any injuries. Mumbling his thanks, he walked away. When the boys and girls praised Jim, Tom grew more jealous than ever.

That night at the gym the coach called Tom aside, and told him if he didn't show more sportsmanship he would be put off of the team. He also told him that Jim had practically saved his life, and he didn't see why he wasn't more friendly towards him. Tom did some serious thinking during the game. After the game he walked up to Jim, and told him that he was ready to be a friend.

From then on the boys were the best of friends. The team won more games through their co-operation, and the school as a whole had more spirit.

*Helen Downton* '37

# Christmas

Christmas time is here,
And everyone is full of cheer.
Stockings will be hung
And carols will be sung
On merry Christmas eve.
Then in the night,
When the moon is shining bright,
Santa Claus will come in his sleigh,
To bring toys for all the girls and boys
To play with on Christmas day.

*Richard Milner* '38

# Christmas in Holland

Robert Pirie '37

Many of us have wondered how Christmas is celebrated in far-away lands. In Holland the holiday called St. Nicholas' Day; and it is a day devoted entirely to him, and not a celebration of the birth of Christ, as is the case in our country. Also "St. Nick" visits the earth on the fifth of December, and distributes gifts early in the morning of the sixth, which is his day.

In Dutch houses there is a room called the grand parlor. This is regarded as most sacred. Of course it is kept very clean after the Dutch fashion. Admittance to this room is gained only on special occasions, and one of these is St. Nicholas' Day and St. Nicholas' Eve. On the eve of "St. Nick's" Day, the family gathers in the grand parlor, and after a great deal of game-playing by the children, St. Nicholas himself appears. He warns the children of the wrongs they have done during the year. However, nobody is forgotten when he distributes gifts, unless he has been particularly bad.

After the saint has finished speaking, he throws a great shower of sugar-plums on a sheet spread out on the floor, and then departs. The children scramble for the plums, but it is seen that everyone gets his share. After this everybody enters another room and they each leave a shoe on a large table for the saint to fill. Then everyone goes to bed. They wake up early in the morning and go to their shoes which are usually filled with gifts. The remainder of the day is spent in worshipping St. Nicholas.

## Her Ideal

He was 100 per cent. perfect. He went to a doctor at least once a year for physical examination, as well as to a dentist. He ate all nourishing foods, went to bed at an early hour, arising at an early hour in the morning. He never forgot his health exercises each morning. He brushed his teeth three times a day, got plenty of fresh air, and was an all-round athlete. He was prepared to live a hundred years at least.

The funeral will be held next Wednesday at two o'clock. He is survived by fifteen doctors, eighty-one institutions, four nurses, and ten health commissioners.

He forgot to look both ways at the railroad crossing.

*Lillian Parnell* '35

# The Union Pacific Streamline Train

William Kearns '37

Recently a new era in transportation and progress was gained by the new, best streamline train. The Union Pacific Railroad had the first one made. Now many railroads are ordering these new trains, which have a maximum speed of one hundred ten miles an hour. The train of six cars weighs only two hundred tons, while the steam train of today having the same number of coaches weighs seven hundred tons. The train is air-conditioned and the shatter-proof windows are sealed. The air in the train is changed every four minutes.

The train on the interior is almost a white on the ceiling, and the colors keep getting darker, until under the window the color is a dark blue. On the outside, the train is a golden brown on the roof and bottom, and the sides are yellow. A strip of red separates the colors.

The Pullman coach is a combination sleeping car, compartment, and ordinary coach all in one. The sections, at every seat, may be closed at any time, making a compartment. The upper sleeping berth, when not in use, is pushed into the ceiling of the car. In each Pullman two sections are made for men over six feet tall.

On this train the cars are hinged together with one truck between each two cars instead of two. This makes much smoother riding when the train is moving at a fast rate of speed. The train is only a foot above the tracks. It is like the shape of a bullet. In the back end is the kitchen.

It has dual controls, fog-penetrating headlights, increased visibility of the motor engineer, and all other safety devices which I have mentioned before, to increase the safety of those riding.

## A Christmas Thought

Let us keep the Christmas spirit
All throughout the year,
By doing good to others,
By bringing them love and cheer.
Not doing and giving at Christmas,
But living a life that is true,
Will be the best Christmas present
Your friends can get from you.
So let's give the best that is in us
Every day that we live,
Since the time is not only at Christmas,
But from Christmas to Christmas to give.

*Ruth Thayer* '36

## Restraint

I'm looking forward to the time
When someone in this world of mine
  Will speak what's in his mind;
The time when he will cease to speak
In well-bred phrases that are bleak
  And barren, if I delve.
He speaks to me as anyone
With whom he jokes and talks in fun.
  I knew him once, not now!
This way in which he tries to hide
Himself beneath suave vanity and pride
  Can hurt beyond all pain.
I wonder just how long 'twill be
Before we talk quite openly
  And understand again.
It may turn out in that frank talk
That I have changed in what I thought
  Was my regard for him.
Till then I know 'most any cure
Would be more simple to endure
  Than this uncertainty.
Till one of us shall overcome
This silence that we've both begun,
  I must go on in doubt.

*Virginia Donley* '35

## The Spirit of Christmas

Christmas comes but once a year,
  So why not fill it with Good Cheer?
Let yourself yield to the Christmas call,
  Open your hearts to one and all,
Forget what has happened in the past,
  Begin a new friendship that will last.
It is not the gifts that, on Christmas Day,
  Pave the road for Friendship's stay;
It is the thought in a single line,
  That makes the heart warm and the eyes shine.

*Ruth Kai* '37

## Christmas Worry

When Christmas cheer is in the air,
And people hurry here and there;
When shopping is the main event,
And all my money is most spent;
I rack my brain and start to fret
About the gifts I shall forget
To buy and wrap and send to friends,
My, but I'm glad when this all ends!
I worry and I toss at night;
Before it's over I'm a sight.
People ask me why I worry.
Wouldn't they in all this hurry?

*Stowell* '35

# The N. B. C.

The National Broadcasting Company is a part of Radio City, a group of large buildings in New York City. This company has the first ten floors of a seventy-story building.

On the tenth floor is a large air-conditioning system, which, because of no windows in the building on account of noises from the street, keeps the temperature in both winter and summer at seventy-two degrees.

The remaining floors are mostly studios. These are furnished like an ordinary room so that new-comers to radio won't get afraid of the microphone just as actors get stage fright.

In one of the rooms there are the sound effects; as, thunder, which is a sheet of metal; the noise of the "Showboat" pulling up to wharf, which is a paddle-wheel in a box of water, and also many other sounds heard on the radio.

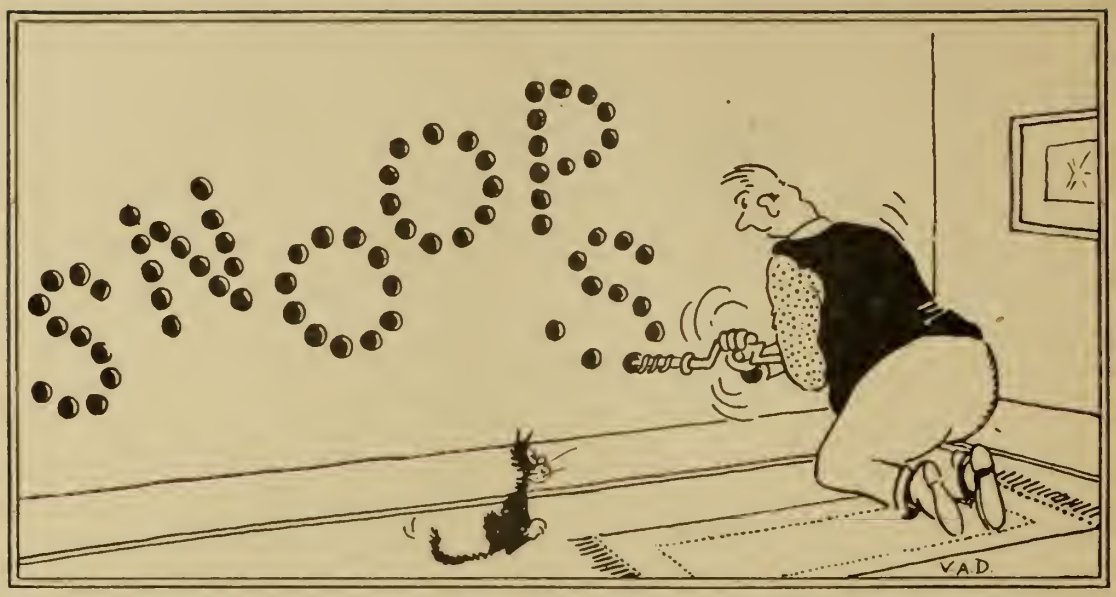
There is also a spacious auditorium for large broadcasts. This hall seats twelve hundred people. The stage, which is roomy, is made especially for good sound. Another interesting feature is that the doors from studio to studio are six inches thick, and no sound can go through them. As a matter of fact, the whole building of the National Broadcasting Company is very well planned, with all conveniences for radio.

*B. Tisdale* '37

## Christmas Dreams

I watch the fire glimmer on the wall,
  Dance and gleam, fade and fall.
I hear the wail of the wind outside,
  Feeling glad that I've a place to abide.
I hear the kettle sing a contented song,
  And hear the sweep of snow on barren lawn,
And the magic music of the winter swirl,
  Creating a warmness in the Christmas world.
And though the cold outside is strong,
  Still the love of peace on Christmas is born.
It may come in a parcel, a card, or a book,
  But the smallest gift will receive a look.
And always, at the end of that happy time,
  I love to pause, to think and recline,
Before the open fire, and dream
  Of happy hours found in a peaceful scene.
To watch the fire glimmer on the wall,
  Dance and gleam, fade and fall,
To hear the wail of the wind outside,
  Overcome by the warming of Old Yuletide.

*Irene Cowett* '35




Ralph and Robert Rennie——

Ralph and Bobby are two frisky freshmen. "Trouble" seems to be their middle name. Bob has a hobby of collecting baseball cards (by the way, if anyone has any, he'd appreciate them). This is done to broaden his views. Both just love spinach for, so they say, it will make them big strong men some day. Ralph likes Bing Crosby and the song, "I Saw Stars". These boys have gained much popularity in the short while they have been at Weymouth High, and we certainly hope this continues. Best of luck, boys!

Gertrude Ferguson——

Gertie is a dashing sophomore always "on the go". You must have seen her hurrying about the school. She favors Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra. Her hobby is originating dance steps, and she has won popularity in that line. Dances do not seem complete without her presence. When it comes to sports, she's right there when there's a football game. Her favorite song is "Out in the Cold Again". Gertie is usually in a talkative mood—does it ever get her in trouble? Don't let those little things worry you, Gertie; we admire your naturalness and sweetness.

Bob Candy——

That blond, "hard to get" sophomore, is Weymouth High's future taxidermist. He has a secret passion for stuffing animals (kittens, a specialty). We wonder if it is his love for music that inspired him to join the orchestra and band? We are still trying to find out Bob's reason for preferring four o'clock busses. His pet hobby is art. Bob's biggest ambition is to run a motorcycle line between North and South Weymouth. Never mind, Bob, we're all for you!

Pauline Upton——

Pauline is the "flame" of the Junior Class. She has lots of "pep" and she certainly used it at the football games. Her favorite orchestra is that of Fred Waring, and she prefers Bing Crosby's crooning. Her hobby is seeing every motion picture possible, and it looks as if she has had a good deal of practice. Every little while she says, "So I says to J. P. Morgan". "Stars Fell In Alabama" is her favorite song. Pauline is a good companion and lots of fun. We wish there were more like her.

David Hall——

Dave is the best natured boy in the Junior Class. He is certainly welcome at any time because of the fun he brings with him. All his spare time is spent writing notes. (We hope this doesn't give your secret away!) His favorite food, he says, is caviar—how do you know, Dave? During the past year he has been trying to sell everyone a boat. In other words, "Want to buy a boat?" Dave's ambition is to be a lifeguard, so that in case no one buys his boat, he can use it. It looks as though he couldn't swim? His favorite song is "Love In Bloom", and he happens to be another boy with that crooning complex. He will do!

Helen Quirk——

Helen is a popular senior girl seen at all football and basketball games. Her favorite sport is "Riding Around In The Rain." (We really mean it) From her attitude and remarks it seems as though Physics is her best study. "Is it a little warm in this room?" Everyone who knows her must have heard her say, "Oh, pray for me!" Having no special hobby her spare time is spent thinking (?). Her favorite singer is Ozzie Nelson, which is not bad, not bad at all. Helen is a good friend to all, and we wish her all the success there is.

Donald Foskett——

Don is our idea of what every senior boy should be. He is active in many sports, and a great aid to the teams. His idea of a perfect evening seems to be one spent at "the club." This is the place where he can be himself and listen to his favorite radio programmes. Don certainly has a great supply of expressions; such as "Vive le Hitler!" He is an artist of no small ability, and spends a great deal of time drawing pictures. His classmates like him. We wish him luck and popularity in the future. He certainly has it here at Weymouth High.

P. S. Just to let you know that your editor is not in charge of "Snoops" this year.

In Screen Titles——

"It Happened One Night" while I was walking down "Side Streets." I met "Cleopatra" and "The Thin Man," who were looking for "The Girl From Missouri," who lost her "Hat, Coat and Glove" while watching the "Circus Clown" doing the "Bolero" with "Jane Eyre," which became "Private Sandals," but was complimented by "Doctor Monica" and "Virgie Winters," who returned to the "Scarlet Empress" and found her "Chained" behind the "Double Door" on account of "The Flirtation" with "Frankenstein," who had just gone on a "Six-Day Bicycle Race" on a "One Way Ticket" to "Hell in the Heavens."

*Nellie Corey* '37

A. J. Thompson, Reg. Pharm., Mgr.

Campbell's Drug Stores

TWO REXALL STORES

761 Washington St. Stoughton

1 Union St. So. Weymouth

# EDITORIALS

## Stop! Look! Listen!

Our *Reflector* train is approaching, and it needs fuel to keep it going. We contributors make the fuel for the train, and without this necessity it would stop. It has made many successful journeys, weathered many storms, and its momentum has been accelerated. It is up to us to maintain and improve this fine record. There are many types and varieties of fuel, but the train accomplishes most when the best quality of fuel is used. If we submit a certain quality which does not prove to be quite satisfactory, let us not be discouraged. Rather let us dig deeper into our well of knowledge, so that we shall produce a better grade. It is sometimes difficult to uncover this grade, but let us get aboard the train of life. Each day's trip furnishes us with an abundant supply of material. We become involved in an interesting situation. We see various types of scenery. Although it may appear montonous to us ourselves, it will, if given the proper treatment, appeal to others who are not aboard our particular train. Surely your life train has gone to enough places, and has seen enough things which are worthy of being related. Let us all be engineers, and hence through our efforts guide this *Reflector* train on the road to success.

*Dot Baker* '35

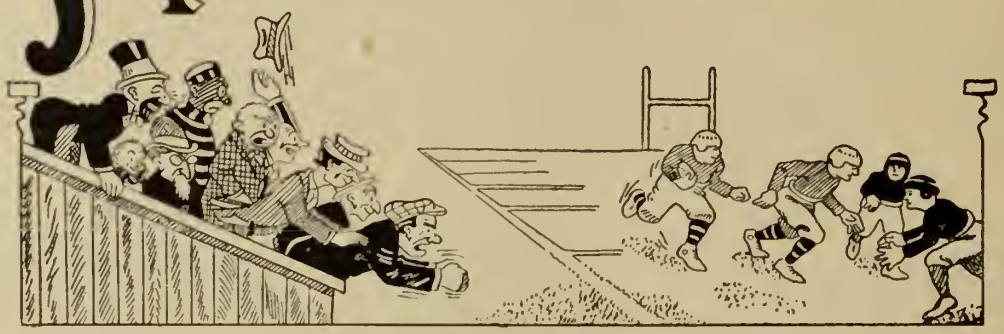
## Class Paper Success

Newspapers and magazines are very expensive ventures. Publishers depend upon two things to pay for their publications, sales, and advertisements. If newspapers had to depend upon sales for financial support, most of them wouldn't lose a day. It is true that they try to have as great a circulation as possible, but this only to please their advertisers. The larger the circulation of the paper the more merchants will advertise in them.

Although certain magazines depend mostly on sales for support, some depend on advertisements. We at Weymouth High ought to take into consideration, both means for making our paper a success. We can do this by having everyone that is able buy a copy of the *Reflector*, and by patronizing our advertisers so that the advertisements will increase in quantity.

*John MacDonnell* '35

# ATHLETICS



## Weymouth vs. Dedham

Weymouth met its fourth defeat of the season at Dedham. From the opening whistle, it was evident that Weymouth was outclassed, and that the best they could do was fight to keep the score as low as possible and perhaps score a touchdown in doing so. Their attempt at the former was fairly successful, as they did very well in holding the powerful backfield of the opposing team to three touchdowns, one of which was a gift and totally unearned. However, because of frequent fumbles and bad breaks, they were unable to score a touchdown, and the final score was Dedham 18, Weymouth 0.

The Dedham linemen looked like old men compared to the Weymouth boys, and they proved to be just that in experience too. They continually broke through, to smear the Weymouth backs for losses; and, as Coach Kilroy's offensive is built for speed, their running attack was useless, because they were boxed in on every play.

Paglucia, the powerhouse of the opposing backfield, repeatedly ripped open the Weymouth line and plunged through for first downs.

For Weymouth, White and Batchelder, backing up the line, were the stars. Johnson and Arnold were the best ball carriers.

| WEYMOUTH | | DEDHAM |
|---|---|---|
| McKenna | l. e. | Backus |
| Stowell | | McNally |
| Tibbs | | Hertig |
| | | Morse |
| Kelley | l. t. | Toti |
| Tirrell | l. g. | Hibbard |
| Munroe | | Vitalli |
| DeLorenzo | | McDonald |
| Cote | | |
| White | c. | Cole |
| | | Mucciaccio |
| | | Magoni |
| Pray | r. g. | Hemming |
| Quirk | | Conant |
| Hunt | r. t. | Doe |
| MacNeil | r. e. | Newell |
| | | Tully |
| Johnson | q. b. | Hazzard |
| O'Connor | | |
| Stewart | l. h. b. | Brody |
| Leary | | Avery |
| Batchelder | r. h. b. | Welch |
| Al Wilder | | Burns |
| | | Mariana |
| Arnold | f. b. | Pagluccia |
| Art Wilder | | O'Brien |
| O'connor | | |

## Weymouth vs. Braintree

Weymouth paid a neighborly visit to Braintree on Armistice Day to decide upon the supremacy of the two schools in football. They returned with the firm conviction that they were second best, although Braintree had a tough fight --- as they always do against Weymouth. It was Braintree's objective game of the season, and some idea of the fervor with which they fought may be seen in the number of penalties

which they received. They were penalized ten times for a total of 115 yards, six of which were fifteen yarders for unnecessary roughness and for holding.

Braintree scored their first touchdown near the close of the first period. A punt by Leary had put the ball on Braintree's 40-yard line. On the next play Braintree was penalized fifteen yards for holding. However, with twenty-five yards to go for a first down, Rogers threw a pass to Nelson, who was downed on the 50-yard stripe for a first down. Erickson then gained five yards through centre, and Nelson picked up twenty yards, putting the ball on the Weymouth 20-yard line. On the next play, Meehan broke loose around left end, and carried the ball over for a touchdown.

The second touchdown was made in the second period. A pass thrown by Al Wilder was intercepted on the Weymouth 13-yard line. A minute later a Braintree back carried the ball across the goal line, where he fumbled it. A team mate recovered, and Braintree chalked up six more points. A forward pass was completed for the extra point.

In the third period Weymouth's line braced, holding Braintree scoreless, and at the same time enabling the backfield to pick up a couple first downs.

Shortly after the opening of the final period, Braintree intercepted a forward pass, which again paved the way for their score. The touchdown was scored on a pass from Rogers to Dacy.

Thereafter Weymouth fought furiously to score a touchdown, but the closest they could to the goal line was the 25-yard marker. In doing so they completed two passes. One (Wilder to Tibbs) was good for four yards; the other (Wilder to Batchelder) was good for twenty-two yards and a first down. The game ended with the ball in Weymouth's possession and in Braintree's territory.

The kicking of "Spike" Leary was exceptional throughout the game while Tibbs played a great game at end for Weymouth.

The lineup:

| WEYMOUTH | | BRAINTREE |
|---|---|---|
| Tibbs | l. e. | Shea |
| DeLorenzo | | Westfield |
| Kelley | l. t. | Walker |
| Blake | l. g. | Shores |
| Quirk | | Christian |
| White | c. | Rowson |
| Munroe | | Goodspeed |
| Pray | r. g. | Peters |
| Munroe | r. t. | Jordan |
| Hunt | | Sumers |
| McNeill | r. e. | Hanson |
| McKenna | | Spiess |
| Al Wilder | q. b. | Hart |
| Johnson | l. h. b. | Munroe |
| Batchelder | | Nelson |
| Bedford | | Rogers |
| O'Connor | | Sears |
| Hunt | r. h. b. | Meehan |
| Arnold | | Dacey |
| Art Wilder | | Erickson |
| Leary | f. b. | Cronin |
| Nelson | | |

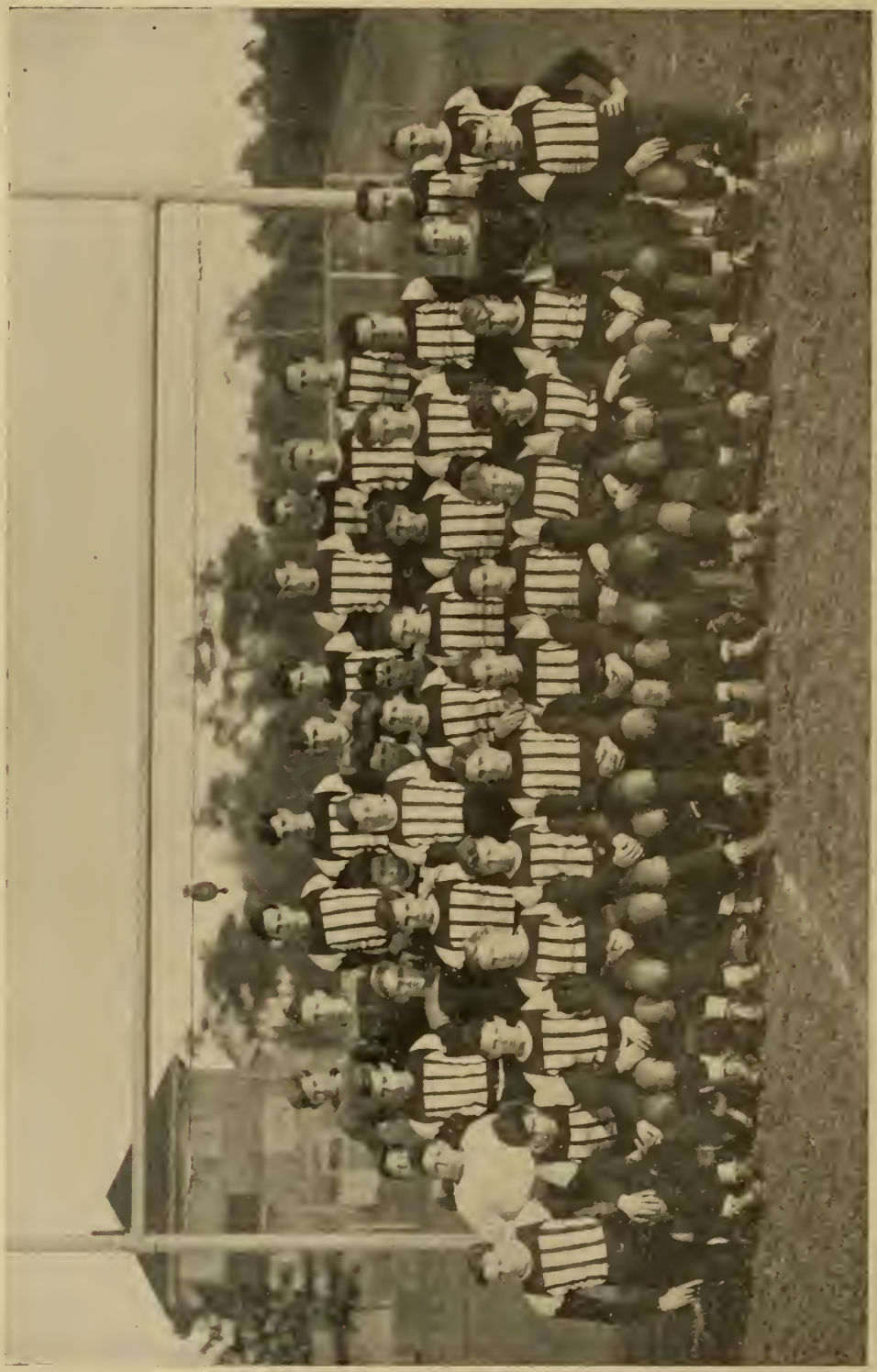
## Weymouth vs. Plymouth

Weymouth gave Hingham something to worry about when they put up their best defensive game of the season, to hold Plymouth scoreless and earn a 0 to 0 tie. The game had two outstanding features: the fine defensive work and the wild passing of both teams. In the entire forty-eight minutes of play only four first downs were made, each team having two to their credit.

Weymouth made both of their first downs on passes. One, from Wilder to Bedford in the second period, gained fifteen yards and a first down on Plymouth's 40-yard line. However, this was the best Weymouth could do, for two plays later they fumbled, and Plymouth recovered. After losing this opportunity, Weymouth tried to even things up, and threw Plymouth for a twenty yard loss on the next two plays.

Intercepted passes played a large part in the game. The tide of battle changed back and forth, as first one team intercepted and then the other. Neither side seemed to know where their passes were going when they were thrown. At the end of the game the two teams were tied in this department also, as each team had intercepted three passes.

In the last period Weymouth tried desperately to score a touchdown. After Al Wilder had run a punt back fifteen yards, Tibbs reached into the clouds to pull down a pass which was good for a first down. On the next play Johnson gained five yards. O'Connor then faded back to throw another pass, but was unable to get it off, and was tackled fifteen yards behind the line of scrimmage. A pass (Leary to McNeill) got the fifteen yards back again, but on the next play another wild pass was intercepted by Plymouth. A few minutes later, just as the final



WEYMOUTH'S 1954 FOOTBALL SQUAD

whistle blew, Plymouth made another first down, their second one of the game.

Bill Pray, the "Mite of Power", was the star of the game for Weymouth. Besides stopping every play attempted by Plymouth through his position, Pray blocked two kicks which helped greatly to save the day for Weymouth.

The lineup:

| WEYMOUTH | | PLYMOUTH |
|---|---|---|
| McKenna | l. e. | Taivores |
| DeLorenzo | | Martin |
| Kelley | l. t. | Chose |
| Tirrell | l. g. | Neru |
| Munroe | | Thompson |
| White | c. | Golerie |
| Pray | r. g. | Bassler |
| Cote | r. t. | Albertini |
| Hunt | | Dantore |
| McNeill | r. e. | Paluzzi |
| Tibbs | | White |
| Al Wilder | q. b. | Hughes |
| Johnson | l. g. b. | Parmental |
| Arnold | | Provinzano |
| Batchelder | r. h. b. | Mello |
| Bedford | f. b. | Govani |
| Leary | | Rogazinoni |
| Nelson | | |

## Weymouth vs. Hingham

Weymouth met defeat at the hands of Hingham in their annual football classic on Thanksgiving Day morning. The final score was 19 to 6, but this is far from being an accurate estimate of the game from a Weymouth standpoint. The game was a classic in every way; everything a spectator could wish for was packed into it. There were sensational runs, flashy plays, beautiful punts, long passes, brilliant defensive stands in the shadows of the goal posts and the thrills of many intercepted passes. Besides all this there were two bands to entertain between the halves, and a collegiate touch was given by the sale of illustrated programs with pictures of the players.

Weymouth kept the home crowd hoping up until the last period that perhaps they would finally turn in a victory over Hingham -- a feat which has never been achieved on Legion Field. However, the boys got some satisfaction from the fact that they were the first Weymouth team in five years to score on Hingham.

Teddy Stewart was declared eligible for the third time this year and he started at quarterback. With him throwing passes, Weymouth's passing attack was improved a hundred per cent. Weymouth completed seven passes during the game, four of which were good for first downs and one for a touchdown. Stewart to Tibbs was the combination used for most of the passes and it was the most efficient one used by Weymouth all year.

There was no scoring in the first period although Hingham came very near to doing so when they carried the ball from their own 45 yard line to Weymouth's 3 yard line. Here the Weymouth line resisted four attempts made by Hingham to score and finally took the ball on downs.

In the second period, Hingham opened up her passing attack for the first and only time in the game, and in this way scored their first touchdown. Henry White caught a punt on his own 28-yard line and ran it back twenty-five yards before he was downed. Then two passes were good for two first downs and on the next play Handrahan gained 15 yards around end putting the ball on Weymouth's 3 yard line. Bennet carried the ball over and Hingham was in the lead, 6 to 0.

The third period was the bright spot of the game for Weymouth. They far outplayed Hingham and at the same time scored their only touchdown of the game. Stewart started the period off by running the kick-off back 20 yards. Then he punted to Hingham's 30-yard line. Henry White ran the punt back 15 yards, but on the next play "Red" Batchelder intercepted a pass and ran 27 yards with it. Then Weymouth was thrown for a 10-yard loss, putting the ball on Hingham's 31-yard line. Here Weymouth was given a completed pass and a first down when the receiver of a pass was interfered with another first down was made on rushes by Hunt, Batchelder and Johnson. Then came the play of the game. Teddy Stewart faded back to throw a pass to Tibbs. Tibbs caught the ball on the five yard line and, just as he was about to be smothered by four Hingham players, he tossed a short lateral pass to "Butch" Hunt, who carried the ball over the goal line and the score was tied, 6 to 6. The try for the extra point failed.

Weymouth lost the game in the fourth period when, with the score tied, they began throwing passes around. Two of these were intercepted and resulted in touchdowns for Hingham. Soon after the period had begun, Eddie White intercepted a Hingham pass on his own 40-yard line and ran it back eight yards. On the next play Weymouth was penalized five yards for being offside. With fifteen yards to go for a first

down Teddy Stewart called for a forward pass. It was intercepted by Hingham. Two plays later, Henry White carried the ball over from the 21-yard line, and then kicked the goal for the extra point. Hingham took the lead again, 13 to 6.

Immediately after the kick-off, Lamrock intercepted another pass and ran forty-two yards for a touchdown. Then, with only a few minutes left to play, Weymouth had nothing else to do but pass. Stewart ran the kick-off back thirty yards and after two rushes and two incomplete passes Hingham took possession of the ball on downs and kicked to Weymouth's 28 yard line. Weymouth then made a first down the first play on a pass from Stewart to Batchelder. Another forward lateral from Stewart to Tibbs to Stewart was good for five more yards.

After the game, a very stirring scene was presented in the locker-room as Mr. Kilroy made the rounds of the whole squad, saying good-bye to everyone individually. Mr. Kilroy seemed to have his doubts about whether he will be back next year. However, the football squad is for him a hundred per cent and all of them hope that it will be possible for him to return. The results of the schedule may not have been those of a championship team, but they beat Belmont for the first time in ten years, they won two and tied one for the highest average in three years, and they succeeded in arousing at least a little school spirit for the first time in the past three football seasons. These are only a few of the improvements which Mr. Kilroy has made since he has been connected with Weymouth High.

| WEYMOUTH | | HINGHAM |
|---|---|---|
| Tibbs | l. e. | Gilbert |
| | | Yardley |
| Kelley | l. t. | Hatch |
| | | Harry White |
| Pray | l. g. | F. Lehage |
| White | c. | D. Pullin |
| Cote | r. g. | Stoddard |
| McNeil | r. t. | MacPherson |
| DeLorenzo, Cote | | J. LeHage |
| Fahey, Munroe | | Barillaro |
| DeLorenzo | r. e. | Osborne |
| McKenna | | Gilleece |
| Stewart | q. b. | Cunningham |
| | | Lawless |
| Johnson | l. h. b. | Paul Handrahan |
| Nelson | | Alfred Handrahan |
| | | Bennet |
| Batchelder | r. h. b. | Henry White |
| | | Shutt |
| Hunt | f. b. | Lamrock |

# SCHOOL NEWS

Weymouth, Mass.,
December 21, 1934.

Dearest Ric:

Weymouth High School has been the centre of a great deal of excitement lately. In fact, so much has happened since I saw you last I hardly know where to begin.

The French Club, under the direction of Miss Canning, has been organized for the year. The newly elected officers are as follows: President, Madelyn Wilson; Vice-President, Virginis Donley; Secretary, Arline Price; Treasurer, Loura Kelly.

The Freshman-Senior Party, which was held on November 9, was a huge success. The entertainment was held in the High School Hall. Afterwards dancing was enjoyed until a bit after five in the boys' gym. We all had heaps of fun!

A junior and senior debating team has been organized by Mr. Martin, aided by Mr. Jones. The officers elected are as follows: President,

Gilman Furnald; Vice-President, James Perkins; Secretary, Jeanne Lockhart.

The meetings will be held every Tuesday in Room 207. Any junior or senior who wishes to join may visit any meeting and give his or her name to the secretary.

We have had several "pep" meetings during the term which proved most enthusiastic.

Something quite different was introduced to the fans of Weymouth. The boys of the trade school printed a "Football Bulletin" which was sold at the Weymouth-Hingham game November 29. These booklets proved to be extremely popular. We all hope that an edition similiar to this will continue to be published in years to come on Thanksgiving.

The pupils are anxiously waiting for the varsity dances to get under way. Last year we had grand times.

Examinations have been completed and everybody is prepared for a nice long vacation. Before I close, Ric, I want to tell you that we all wish you the Merriest Christmas you ever had. Please write to me during vacation.

Much love,

Rack.

*D. Baker* '35

## Weymouth Loses Star Lineman

Donald Foskett, a senior in Room 216 and first Vice-President of the Senior Class, last night turned in his football uniform because of doctor's orders. "Fish", as he is known to his friends, is the last member of the Foskett family to attend Weymouth High. His brothers, Cliff, Norman, and Paul, made football history while they attended Weymouth High. Cliff later starred at Massachusetts State; Norman is now making a name for himself at Colorado School of Mines, while Paul is a member of the freshman team at Yale.

"Fish" for the last three years has been the mainstay of Weymouth High's line. His performance this year until the Abington game, in which he injured his knee, has been wonderful. The doctor, upon examining his knee, found that "Fish" had developed what is known as "water on the knee." If "Fish" had continued to play, he would have developed a stiff knee, and would have probably been a cripple for the rest of his life. The team misses "Fish", and is rooting one hundred per cent for his speedy recovery.

*G. Hunt* '35

# LANGUAGES

"Non, je t'ai dit que tu ne l'épouseras pas." Madame Frazier était certainement fâchée.

"Mais, maman, c'est un grand médecin. Ce sera un honneur à l'épouser," Jeanne s'écria.

"Va tout de suite et occupe-toi de ton frère. Jacques se couchait sur le lit, trés faible. Il regarda sa soeur quand elle est entrée; mais trop faible à parler il souriait.

"Il est plus malade. Nous devons faire venir le plus grand médecin," Jeanne ragarda son frère et vit qu'il souffrait.

"Maman, plaît-il, permets que j'appelle Frédéric. Il saura ce qui dérange Jacques."

"Jamais. C'est impossible. Si Jacques mourait, je n'appellerais jamais Frédéric," et avec cela Madame Frazier sortit.

Bienque beaucoup de médécins soient arrivés, Jacques n'était pas guéri.

Un matin en déjeunant Madame Frazier vit dans le journal que Frédéric avait reçu le premier prix et était considéré un grand médecin. Elle ne voulait pas encore que sa fille l'épouse mais elle voulait le faire venir pour voir Jacques. Ainsi elle fit l'envoyer sans que Jeanne le sût.

Quand Frédéric arriva, sans dire un mot à Madame Frazier, il entra dans la chambre de Jacques. Mais quand il sortit, il dit à Madame Frazier.

"Oh vous êtes aussi belle que Jeanne m'a dit. Elle m'a dit aussi que vous êtes agréable et que vous avez consenti à notre mariage. Quelle bonne belle-mère vous serez."

Madame Frazier devint contente de cela mais elle pensait à Jacques et dit, "Si vous guérissez Jacques, vous pourrez épouser ma fille.

Jacques alla beaucoup mieux la semaine prochaine et Jeanne et Frédéric se marièrent.

Un jour Jacques leur dit comment il allait mieux sitot. Il dit qu'il avait connu Frédéric et il l'avait aimé. Ainsi il avait prétendu être trés malade jusqu'à ce que Frédéric l'ait guêri.

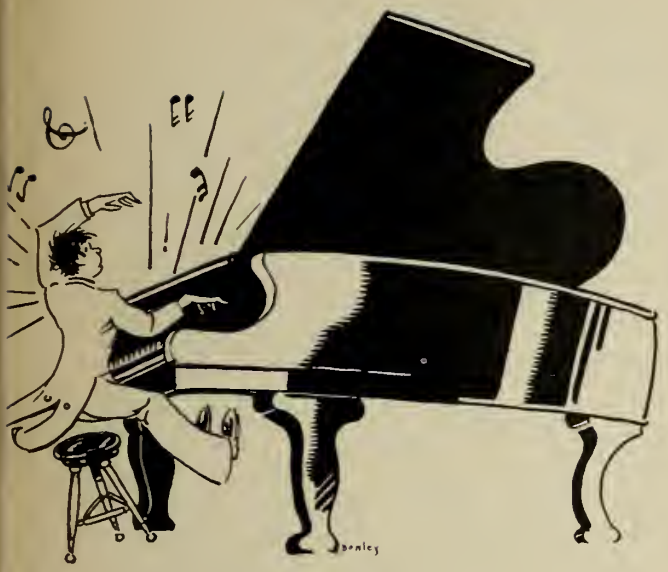
Pourtant Madame Frazier n'a pas su cela et tout était bien.

*Madelyn Wilson* '35

# Thanksgiving Day Football Echoes

WEYMOUTH HIGH SCHOOL

HINGHAM HIGH SCHOOL



George Frederick Handel——

Now in the season of the Nativity it is only fitting to pay tribute to the greatest of all composers of sacred music, George Frederick Handel. Although he was born in Germany, he reached his greatest heights in England. His *Messiah* is the finest oratorio of its type ever written.

Handel was born at Halle in Saxony in the year 1685. The child took an early interest in music. His father, a valet to the elector of Saxony, heartily opposed him, and it was necessary for him to play upon a little spinet smuggled into the attic. At the age of eight he accompanied his father on a visit to the royal court. Here his musical ability attracted the attention of the duke, who urged his father to foster this talent.

For the next seventeen years his was a maturing genius. During this time he rose from organist to an orchestra player in a German opera, and thence to the conductorship.

Late in the year 1710 Handel came to England. Here he produced the opera *Rinaldo,* which met with approval at the Haymarket Theatre in London. At the end of the operatic season he returned to Germany for a brief period, but went again to England in 1712. Here he met with discouragement. His operatic venture failed, and he made many enemies. In those days music was dependent upon the wealthy for its support. Handel failed to submit to the whims and fancies of the aristocracy; consequently he was not in their favor.

His misfortunes in the operatic field finally caused him to turn to writing oratorios. In these he now showed the maturity of his genius. In 1738 he produced his first great oratorio, *Israel in Egypt*, which was followed by the *Messiah,* his greatest musical effort. This immortal work was written in twenty-four days. It was first performed in Dublin on April 18, 1742. His energy was tireless. He was undaunted even by blindness during the last six years of his life, and worked almost to the day of his death, which occurred on April 14, 1759. Handel now lies with England's greatest literary men, in Westminster Abbey.

*Harry Coleman* '36

---

Lawyer: "Yes, my friends, usually my audiences are glued to their seats."

Lady Wit: "What a quaint way of keeping them there!"

---

Wife: "Will you love me when my hair is gray?"

Hubby: "Why not? Haven't I stuck with you through brown, black, red, and blonde?"

---

# Basketball Schedule 1935

Jan. 4 Quincy at Quincy.
" 8 North Quincy at North Quincy.
" 11 Rockland at Weymouth.
" 15 Plymouth at Weymouth.
" 18 Hingham at Hingham.
" 22 Needham at Needham.
" 25 Open.
" 29 Needham at Weymouth.
Feb. 1 North Quincy at Weymouth.
" 5 Rockland at Rockland.
" 12 Hingham at Weymouth.
" 15 Plymouth at Plymouth.
" 19 Quincy at Weymouth.

# THE CRYSTAL BALL

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why did Mary Smith sign Mae West's name to her problems instead of her own?
*Betty Newton*
Answer: Because she done 'em wrong.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why is a Chinaman never perplexed?
*Marie O'Donnell*
Answer: No matter where he goes he always has his queue.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
If a colored waiter dropped a platter of turkey, what would happen? *Marie Murphy*
Answer: The humiliation of Africa, the downfall of Turkey, the overflow of Greece, and the destruction of China.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why was Moses so fond of sports?
*Irving Chase*
Answer: Because he could always be found

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
Is insomnia ever contagious?
*Ralph Goodwin*
Answer: Only when your baby has it.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is an iceberg?
*Alice O'Connor*
Answer: Oh, a sort of permanent wave.

Dear Flannelmouth:
What are the quickest ways for spreading news? *Robert Orlando*
Answer: Telephone, telegraph and a woman.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is the difference between a mountain and a pill? *Elaine Procter*
Answer: One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
What is an equator?
*Betty Bell*
Answer: It's what mama puts the eggs in to hatch the little chickens.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
Can you give me any suggestions for walking on an icy sidewalk? *Morrisey*
Answer: Yes, C♯ or else you will be B♭.

---

Dear Flannelmouth:
Why does the boy next door waste his time swinging on the gate? *Ruth Thayer*
Answer: Waste his time! Say, his sister's beau pays him two bits an hour to watch for Pa.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Aiding the Traveler——

The big railroad terminal was crowded. A shabby individual approached a wicket, and peered inquiringly behind it.

"Excuse me, Miss," he apologized, "but do you represent the Travelers' Aid Society?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Den, where's de freight yards, please?"

---

Particular——

They were looking over a house which the agent warmly recommended. It was in urgent need of repair.

"Look, man!" cried the prospective tenant. "We couldn't live in a house like that. Why there's actually moss growing on that damp wall."

The agent flushed. "Well, sir," he replied "at the small rental I'm asking you could hardly expect orchids, could you?"

---

Grounds for Suspicion——

Doc: "When did you first suspect that your husband was not all right mentally?"

Mrs. Jones: "When he shook the hall tree, and began feeling around on the floor for apples."


HURRAH! HURRAH!

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